

The History of

witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, he be hangd: it could not be else. I haue drunke medicines, *Poynes, Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horse, you rogues, Giue mee my Horse, and bee hangd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh to far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt mee thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fals.* I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I bee your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes: let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-Hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Pion.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll*, what newes?

*Bar.* Caffe yee, caffe ey, on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To bee hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane.

*Ned Poynes* and I will walke lower, if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

Henry the Fourth.

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir *John Pannch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* our Grand no coward, *Hall*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poy.* Sirra *Lack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell.

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be ha

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poy.* Heere hard by: stand close.

*Fals.* Now, my masters, happy man bee his do man to his businesse.

*Enter the Travellers.*

*Tra.* Come, neyghbor, the boy shall lead our the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus ble

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaine horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they ha downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for e

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone chuffes, I would your store were heere: on Bacons, knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand Iurers, a iure you, yfayth.

*Heere they rob them and binde them. Enter*

*the Prince, and Poynes.*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bonnd the true men: thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to Lond be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and for euer.

*Poy.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come, my masters, let vs share, and then to day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arra theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in t than in a wild Ducke.